

PAPIS



pistol politics

› Lethal Warning Shot

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

Warm it up bruh, it's time to put 'em to the test
P-Dog back up in mix from the West
Some throw a dub, but we throwin' up a fist
And a few things need to be addressed, goin' down the list
Let's get this mothaf**ka crackin'
Hard Truth Revolutionary back rappin'
Back on the map, finna put the Black back in
And stop actin' like the Black movement is past tense
Real n***as understand
Return of the drop squad recognize the brand
G-U-E-R-R-I double L-A funk
Comin' out the yay with that Bay funk
Yeah, still in line with struggle
Right with the right side recognize the hustle
Muscle on off brands stand with the muzzle
Aimed squarely at them fairy tale posin'-a** sissy clones
What kind of freedom you got?
Only one on that one-time a**, make 'em stop
Gat Turner with the twin burner, twenty-one shots in my drawz
Red beam on a pig make 'em pause
You could take it or leave it alone
Stay away from a soldier when he in a zone
Make way for a panther that's free to roam
And creepin' on all enemies until all his people on

[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]

Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this
Lethal Warning Shot
We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this
Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

[Verse 2: Paris]

Comin' live from the Bay
The side where the Black lives die everyday

No rise in the pay, just hard times of the lost lives
On the front lines cryin' in pain
P (Dog), the needle in ya sandwich
Blood on behalf of the low and middle cla**es
Hard truth cla**ics, twelve point plan for freedom that's the transcript
Stand and demand this
Real spit, to keep us outta coffins
Gives a mad f**k 'bout the law, chalk 'em off and
Know for too many penitentiary is callin'
What's the next level? Gotta bring it to the devil
Mobbin', squabbin', it's on from the get
Explode, reload, how many of us left?
Film at eleven, channel seven, hold ya breath
When black steel bring the hammer time back, it's a wrap
Nope, it's not the Occupy movement
Thanks but no thanks, I already know the truth
And was very well acquainted with the term 'revolution'
Way before you waited for the price to drop and moved in
Repeat that, tweet that, P-D-O-G back
Freedom fighter relapse, sleep strapped
Lean back or get relaxed
I'm puttin' hands on the enemy and pullin' white sheets back
[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]
Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this
Lethal Warning Shot
We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this
Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

[Verse 3: Paris]

On ya set that, It's that, Guerrilla in the mix
Gotta get that, get back, hit 'em with a brick
Go ham on the man and I plan to get us some
With a plan I get it done, with a plan to get us some, now
'Bout damn time n***as got the meaning
Guerrilla Funk smotherin' ya set, please believe it
Guerrilla Funk smotherin' ya set, ain't no weakness
Just rough rap over rough beats clippin' weak sh*t
We all rise to rise and bring us up

And strive to bring us up, comprised to bring us up
Disguised it for the club, now it's time for freedom
Screamin' 'power to the people' out the roof of the Regal
Get my clap on, blast on, who wanna see us?
Tell them mark a** motherf**kin' pigs we beefin'
Tell Barack's a** n***as sick and tired of needin'
And we in this motherf**ka till we get some relief, it's lethal

[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]

Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this
Lethal Warning Shot
We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this
Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

[Outro]

Till the casket drop
Until the casket drop, yeah
Until the casket drop with that
Lethal- Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

› Bring That Slap Back

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

Bringin' you back what you miss in hip hop
Hard Truth Sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier Radio
You are tuned to the voice of armed self defense, broadcasting in the year of fire!

[Verse 1: Paris]

Back with that program
Fog city, no wack flows, no ham
Bring it back to the prose of the black man
Black hat, black strap, black fist in a black SS
We crush all when we throw down
F**k a throne, n***a, watch what we on now
Bring it home so the whole world know how
With no singin', no bling, just the real when we do our thing
See, I come from the land where the panthers mob
(One) glance and you know from the stance what's up
(We) advance programs that'll stand us up
And finance grants so the fans come up
Any fool with a view too could see what's happenin'
When hard truth bring the whole movement back in
Where youth get the truth that the schools is lackin'
And rhymes from the front line to see what's crackin', goin'

[Hook]

Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back

[Verse 2: Paris]

Hot damn hoe, here it go again
Back up on the set to let this n***as know what is
Back up on the set to keep it honest for the kids
Back to show the way to stay alive and out the prison
F**k what you claim, this is game for real (yup)

We just, need to rise and build
And bring back pride that we used to have
It's Hard Truth comin' from the Sons of Malcolm
It's time to meet the guer-rillas
The soldiers, the leaders and the pro hittas (pro hittas)
And motherf**kas gonna feel us
This time or gonna be some blood spillin'
That's how it is, how it was, how it do, how it does
How we do, payin' dues, never lose, never run
Steady gunnin' f**k a pig, n***a do your thang
And let 'em know it's on again...all power to the people

[Hook]

Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back

[Verse 3: Paris]

Steady spittin', get the picture comin' through in the clutch
Gettin' witcha heavy hittin' n***a givin' it up (givin' it up)
Puttin' hands on these off brands, undefeated
Hard to beat, n***a, balls deep, please believe it
A beast when I bring the noise
Ain't nothin but a choice, and we choose to voice
How we steady makin' men from boys
Make em understand what the government's plan is for us
Show em how to thrive and survive the streets
To compete, how to eat, from these real OGs
When to walk away and when to reach
And show 'em how to mean what they say and to say what they mean
Little locs soak the game up, claim they life
They awoke from the shame and the pain and lies
Ain't no jokes, we control the way we defined
Let's see who wanna test it, tr
Mothaf**ka, we united

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: T-K.A.S.H.]

Yo, another funeral, the usual, the shooter knew the shooter
And the dudes in the crew in which the shooter was recruited
Now the shooter dude's Buick is movin' up on the shooter dudes
Now you see the shootin' through the news
What if the dude shootin' would've got to the bottom
Of what made him shoot him before he shot him?
Got a proper solution to the problem
Instead of talk tough and drop 'em
Walk up and wop him, a strong enough option

[Verse 2: Paris]

Little wild a** brother comin' up in the west
From the streets where the heaters never given a rest
Role models pa** the bottle, ain't no time for cla**
Gun play seem the only way to settle scraps
What we doin'? Let's get it together
Cause it don't make sense if we all can't make it better
Like the Crips and Bloods in nine deuce
P-Dog speaking on the truce, truth

[Verse 3: K.E.V.]

Or is it logic to be duckin' and dodgin'
Or take a precaution, try and wonder who's watchin'
Too much hate on ya brain is toxic
Mixed with the rock in ya pocket, it's a poisonous concoction
War's because of money, recruiters influence youth
Rumors turn into shootin's and shootin's become the truth
Facts is the belief that the stacks is written proof
And stacks is for better living but living is in the truce

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'
Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone
Headstrong, my bread is long

[Verse 4: T-K.A.S.H.]

If the neighborhood say it's good
We can make the hood way good like the way it should
We can make good, on the lake good
People of the past promise to change the hood, 'cause the best know
If you play Suge, all you ever get is Death Row
I ain't finna check nothing I don't get a check for
We can bang tough, or we can put the thangs up
Change up, step our game up, rearrange stuff

[Verse 5: Mellinium]

Look at each turf like a partnership, try to get a part of this
Fightin' for a piece of cake when we can have all of it
Trigger's on the safety, now the talks has gotta make things
Simple so an eight year old can see the life of eighteen
Take it there, I can't dream, these gunshots is audible
Waken to enlightenment or die for something honorable
Raisin' up the dollar though he tryin' to put a dot on you like dominoes
We gotta live way past survival, yo

[Verse 6: Paris]

Never ask first, blast first, never understand
Why the strap burst, clap first, another brother dead
Time to step back a bit, gotta ask why
We all in the penitentiary and all dyin'?
No lyin' - we caught in the middle
But how we break up out our circ*mstances is the riddle
Little time left, crime left too many of us fallin'
But how many gonna hear the callin'?

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'
Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone
Headstrong, my bread is long

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'
Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone
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[Interlude]

"This morning police are searching for suspects in an overnight shooting"

"A young man was, uh, gunned down in broad daylight. It happened right in front of a
community center"

"Oakland remains one of the most dangerous cities in America"

"Two people are dead, and another injured, after an alleged stabbing and shooting in San
Francisco's Richmond district"

"Two teenage girls and a twenty-three year old man were killed. The suspect is described as
African American, with shoulder-length dreadlocks. He's 18 to 21 years old, 150 pounds,
approximately 5 feet, 7 inches tall"

"We all walking around here, don't even know when we gonna be a victim of a crime"

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'

Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone

Headstrong, my bread is long

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'

Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone

Headstrong, my bread is long

[Verse 1]

I was told, because I didn't witness the jump off
I was sick even 'fore I got my first cough
I was cold and black and made for killin'
With no conscience or feelings
Just like the million other burners that's just like me
A**embly line made killers for the murder and bleedin'
Got my first taste loaded when they tried to test me
Exploded on the first one, caught him in his chest
That's what a gat's made of
Knowin' I'm the hate that hate made, and regulate anyone
Equalize, neutralize any situation
Any cat runnin' up, any confrontation
I was put into a room with the rest of us
With the rest of us, ready to bust
Many rounds, any town, any city or state
Never rest, any contest, sealin' your fate
No mistake, I only come out when talkin's done
After squawkin' some, and never run
Never foolin' and ya just might lose, black steel in the hour
Give the power to the average dude shootin'
Clik clak boom, that's the rule
Clear the room, when I move 'em, cause confusion
Known for retribution, ain't no mercy, it's murder
I burn 'em and hurt 'em no further words necessary

[Hook]

We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**

[Verse 2]

Guess I pa**ed the first test 'cause they shipped me out
Extra clips and a grip quick to whip me out

Turn nerds and these teenagers into killers
Overseas in Afghanistan, every village
I would go from being cold to warm, to hot quick
If anybody wanted some, it's on
Once dumped on a whole neighborhood for fun
Even shoot you in your back if I caught your a** runnin'
Little kids and they mamas too
Might pick ya little man off the roof, who's who
Don't matter cause they all look the same to me
The blood splatter on the concrete stains and claims the streets
No peace from this piece
I squeeze em and beat 'em, feed 'em slugs when the lugs get dumped
It's no reasoning, it's no use pleading, it's open season
We defeat 'em when this heater get heated I bleed 'em and leave 'em

[Hook]

We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**

[Verse 3]

Made it back in one piece fasho
But can't say the same for the homeboy that brought me home
He was off on that PTSD
The PTSD was keepin' him tweakin' and testy
'Fore long for we was hittin' the streets
Bloodshed wasn't nothin' to me, we street sweepin' with no relief
Full metal jacket as we pump and dump 'em and stack 'em
Let's get it crackin'
Be the first to burst, now who's the last to last, I blast them
To ashes, and fill they little caskets fast
That's what I do, that's my job, I was made for the beef
Killin' off all these young black men and causing grief
Oakland, Frisco, Detroit, LA, Chicago
That's where I go
From city to city, backyard to yard, even Newtown Connecticut

But now ya wanna ban my clips, hypocrites
Never gave a damn about a black teen dyin'
Quit lyin'
Take me down to your neighborhood buy back
They so scared, they don't want to see me try that
But it's so many more like me
We multiply, never die, we exist to feed
We exist in America from corporate greed
In the midst of the fake fear, lyin' and evil
Even got the police turnin' on each other
Blap a pig with that "get back," run for cover
Now it's all bad, funny how it's all bad
When the tables turn, got 'em shakin' till they fall back
And ya better hope that we don't come for ya
NRA, LaPierre, get 'em done for ya
Never thought we would come back and gun for ya
Pull the hammer smooth back and then dump for ya

[Interlude]

"Most of the shootings took place in poor neighborhoods, far from downtown and tourist attractions; One reason much of the city seems to be shrugging its shoulders."

[Hook]

We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**

[Verse 1: Paris]

Mic checka one, two, welcome to the movement
Nut check on this hollywood gangsta coonin'
On deck, still freedom fightin' for improvement
From a vet, do or die, sucka free I'm ruthless
Everyday we see the way they always do us
The ninety-nine percent is talkin', but does that include us?
Nine times out of ten, our problems deal with shootin'
I got ninety-nine problems, but I can't confuse 'em
The real sh*t is who dies and who's cryin'
Whose lives always touched in the clutch of violence
Immortalized on a t-shirt, hear the sirens
Hella straps for these young cats, who supply 'em?
All I care about is violence in our neighborhoods
It's all silence when it comes to stifilin' the hoods
It's all silence when it comes to violence in the hood
Cryin' Trayvon, but everyday it's on in blood
I say, to ya face, what about the blappin'
No applause, what's the cause for these n***as clappin'?
Is it the message these off brand cats is rappin'?
I'm spittin' hard truth to you, n***a put that in
I never run, stay about my business
Take this black on black thang back before we end us
Make this blue on black activate the soldier in us
Make it motivate us to eliminate the menace

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

Hard truth, is what we came to tell ya
So recognize who really got balls
It ain't too many true ones left
But you don't have to worry at all
We sacrifice our lives
Keep the movement on the rise
Lift ya voice and sing, lift ya fist and swing
Forever givin' you all we got

[Verse 2: Paris]

Another n***a dead, wig split by aggressors
Choke the trigger make these pigs understand the message
Keep your motherf**kin hands off all my brethren
Make this gat cough, get up off this forced confession

Make it plain so you understand the lesson
Leave his racist a** guessin' with the Smith and Wesson
All guerrilla from the sidelines, no concessions
I'm providin' you these guidelines for the method
One, don't engage a pig 'less you have to
Two, never tell 'em they can search, that's the worst move
Three, f**k a protest bruh, this ain't the sixties
They could give a f**k and n***as get they a** whupped quickly
Four, and since we on that protest sh*t
Know you ain't protestin' if you askin' permission
Five, stop puttin' all your business in the street
Facebook is just another way for police to infiltrate
Six, stop trustin' the new, they'll go and tell
Only let ya real folks know, remember COINTEL
Seven, tearin' up these small businesses just ain't the answer
If you need to mob, take a molotov to the chancellor
Cause chances are your chances are hella slim
To pay for college, why the knowledge gotta be for them?
Eight, never go toe-to-toe, keep it gunplay
From a distance so that you can live to fight another day
Nine, only get with the guilty for what they did
Careful when you ride, never brutalize the innocent
Ten, and keep it all an eye for an eye
Listen, even if we blind, let the punishment fit the crime
One, two, ah yep, yep, huh
On blue, ah yep, yep, ah yep, yep
It's all true, ah yep, yep, ah yep, yep
We fall through, ah yep, yep, ah yep, now you know
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
Hard truth, (Yeah)
Is what we came to tell ya (That's right)
So recognize who really got balls
It ain't too many true ones left (Uh-huh)
But you don't have to worry at all
We sacrifice our lives
Keep the movement on the rise
Lift ya voice and sing, lift ya fist and swing
Forever givin' you all we got

[Verse 3: Paris]

Now look here, you can occupy these nuts
I got ninety-nine problems, the percent ain't one

No outcry when we die, you never noticed the plight
Of brutal cla** oppression 'til recession ravaged the whites
Now you fall in, we all in the same gang, right?
At least until these companies proceed to tell us they hirin'
'Til these companies again see that it's cheaper to fire
And lie and kill the dreams of people simply tryin' to survive, and I'm tired
But it's all good, we all good, when y'all good
It's all good as long as struggle's all in the hood
Call the cops, George, and profile, these Negroes, we know how
The story ends with Skittles in my hand, no hope for survival
I'm liable to crack your motherf**kin' face
And get to shootin' then we'll see if you get a taste
And see if you will see excuses as acceptable claims
Or if you'll do to me what should be your solution for him
P Motherf**kin' Dog, motherf**kin' "woof"
I tear the roof off this motherf**ka, hollerin' truth
With no slapstick, or buck dance, no Flav's without the Chuck's, man
Y'all suck man, I'm seein' through the coonin' and the yuks man
I'm seasoned, west coast motherf**kin' G
Sucka Free, Cali Bred Revolutionary
And it ain't no Sinatra wannabe in me
F**k peace, I cross 'em out and put a K for my freedom, believe it
So come on people "oh yeah"
Join in the struggle "oh yeah"
Fight for liberation "oh yeah"
Every generation "oh yeah"
So come on people "oh yeah"
Join in the struggle "oh yeah"
Fight for liberation "oh yeah"
Every generation "oh yeah"
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Know the game plan, look at how they always do us
It's pistol politics, know the enemy is ruthless
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Take a look around, recognize and take notice
Stop the black on black violence and stay focused

Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Know the game plan, look at how they always do us

It's pistol politics, know the enemy is ruthless

Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun

And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun

Take a look around, recognize and take notice

Stop the black on black violence and stay focused

› Robert's Theme

(Panther growls and roars)

Revolutionary Hardcore

Revolutionary Hardcore

Revolutionary Hardcore

Revolutionary Hardcore

Paris

In the cause of freedom and justice

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

Let our people take to the streets in fierce numbers

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

Meet violence with violence

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

And let our battle cry be heard around the world

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom now! Or death!

Revolutionary Hardcore

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

Revolutionary Hardcore

Paris Paris Paris

Revolutionary Hardcore

Paris Paris Paris

Revolutionary Hardcore

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

We must protect ourselves

We must defend ourselves

We must meet violence with violence (Revolutionary)

Let us be prepared to fight to the death

(Revolutionary

Revolutionary, one more time

Revolutionary

Revolutionary

Revolutionary, one more time)

Guerrilla Funk

› Night of the Long Knives

[Sound of LRAD]

No Justice - No Peace!

No Justice - No Peace!

No Justice - No Peace!

No Justice - No Peace!

"F**k the police we gon' be in Ferguson... [?] b*t*hes...we gon' see what's happenin'"

"What's up y'all scared, no! What's up y'all scared, no b*t*h!"

[Verse 1: Paris]

F**k a pig is the right call

Gang whistles and pistols at nightfall

Bang on 'em for the lives that remain lost

Click clack is the get back new att**ude for blacks

Gotta bang for the way they treat us

Like animals, police clap and beat us

Like animals, police blap with heaters

To protect and to serve, better know who your enemies are

Been too much talkin' man, no talkin'

No more speeches, candles, no marchin'

No more grievin' parents, no Sharpton

No more calls for peace, let's spark it

And ride on these pigs till the wheels fall off

Collide for our rights till we rise above

Ain't no time for no talkin', let's chalk 'em off

Back 'em off us to show the cost, till they recognize

[Hook]

It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

Night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

When we all come together hope we don't collide

It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

Night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Verse 2: Paris]

One black man's killed every twenty-eight hours

By pigs and these fake vigilante cowards

Claimin' they scared only after they profile us

And beat us or worse, so we hit back first

Set it off with a molotov home-made charge

Blap when the strap, cough cap the sarge

Can't trust so we bust on officers

Now they callin' all cars, suspects at large

So we blast first then we ask questions last

Do like they do, mobb and mash

Do like they do, ain't no pa**

No stop, no frisk, just blap that a**

Cause we say gunplay only thing that works

Squeeze, retreat in Guerrilla Spurts

Do a drive by, ride by, clap and squirt

From the rooftop, shoot n***a, put in work

[Hook]

It's the night of the long knives

That's the sh*t

It's the night of the long knives

Lettin' off slugs and bricks

It's the night of the long knives

Pigs can't handle this

When the people come together better watch your six

It's the night of the long knives

And you can't deny it

It's the night of the long knives

We worldwide united

It's the night of the long knives

Know real riders ride

When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Verse 3: Paris]

Ma** incarceration, ma** surveillance

Ma**a, we just can't take it

Can't take the blame and the cold abuse

Can't take the slave route in the pen for you

Can't take this police state, I can't lie

So here's an open letter to the FBI
To the pigs and the CIA and prisons
To the force that enforce for the one percent
See we see right through your bull-sh*t
That's why we move and pull quick
No love for the people, now we've had enough
Keep it incognito when we call your bluff
And let these motherf**kin' hot rocks hit ya neck
Hold court in the street 'till you learn respect
That's a promise and a motherf**kin' soldier's threat
Gotta feel us to feel what we understand, we goin' in

[Hook]

It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
When we all come together hope we don't collide
It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
When we all come together hope we don't collide
It's the night of the long knives
That's the sh*t
It's the night of the long knives
Lettin' off slugs and bricks
It's the night of the long knives
Pigs can't handle this
When the people come together better watch your six
It's the night of the long knives
And you can't deny it
It's the night of the long knives
We worldwide united
It's the night of the long knives
Know real ryders ride
When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Outro]

Because the only language America speaks is violence
The only language America understands is violence
So let's talk

"We want an immediate end to the police brutality and mob attacks that our people are
confronted by every single day

Every single week, every single month, every single year
Across the land

This is the only reason, that we don't become involved in these non-violent demonstrations

To walk up to a man nonviolently, he got a gun in his hand
We are ready to die, or we're ready to see if someone else dies
I don't need to turn the other cheek

This black man was shot by policemen, not some Ku Klux Klansman down in Mississippi

They saw that he was black and they began to fire point blank

But they are dumb enough to think we have forgotten

We don't never forget

You don't kill our brother

You don't shoot one of us and then grin in our face

You don't shoot one of us and then shake our hands and think we forget

No, we never forget

We'll never forget!

Someone has to pay

Somewhere, somehow, someone has to pay

› Hard Truth Soldier (Redux)

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Just below the surface is hate
Retake, Black Panther mind state
With a platinum heater tucked in my draws
Still raw, still down for the cause
Choosin' words wisely
Knowin' some despisin' what I'm writing, ain't no time for compromising
Watchin' coons clown, ice cold expression
Too many on the paper chase with no direction
So we correct 'em, catch 'em in dresses
Snatch your b*t*h a** backwards myself, 'the f**k you thankin'?'
"Blap" when the strap buck, now they back up
Ain't no more act up, now sh*t ain't funny no more
I know that some of y'all 'course, ain't feelin' me
Everyday it seem to get worse, y'all n***as killin' me
I stay low key, and let 'em be with the coon sh*t
Blame it on the coon sh*t, it's real like that
Cause Hollywood ain't real like that
Hold up your hands if you feel like that
Where all my hard truth soldiers at?
Hit back, it's P-Dog, I never run or buckle
Knowin' when you look in my eyes as I choke the muzzle
Always reppin the struggle
Represent the people, freedom fighter do or die on another level
Never looking' to settle
Black metal, Gat Turner with the twin burners, when I buck the devil

[Hook]

What they say, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
That's right, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

[Verse 2]

So many fake a** J-cat wannabe acts

With them fake raps n***as always wanna be macks
Never face facts, n***as always wanna relax
So I stay black, make them cat n***as collapse
Gives a f**k bout your shine, I'm a rider for mines
Let the dogs out, never leave a child behind
Goin' balls out, cause you know I'm knowin' the time
So I call out, all these coon n***as with rhymes
It's the G-U-E-R, R-I double L, A funk
Back to black, back with that
Black fist and blackness black back to business
B*t*h slap ya lip and clap back at pigs
This is, the movement, I keep it a hundred
Take it back to the days when the people was on it
Take it back to the days when black fists was raised
Take it back to the fight, black people unite, I tell 'em

[Hook]

What they say, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
That's right, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

[Verse 3]

It's that 1-2-3, the 3 the 2-1
Paris back in this motherf**ka, muggin' and gunnin'
To rewind and remind us of what it's about
Shine light so the blind get to figure it out
OG Coon killa, who wanna test
Any n***a in a dress, I'ma put him to rest
Any wannabe pimp police or kingpins that's rappin'
And pushing poison to kids, I'm killin'
Like that, n***a what? It's hard truth
The return of the rough, and y'all through
I'm black manhood, I can't be bought
Or sold out or co-opted, swayed or paid off
STOP cosigning' coons, make us all look bad
STOP cosigning fools say we hatin' and mad
Man, you motherf**kin' right n***as hatin' and mad
So STOP co signing' coons, make us all look bad

Take us back to the days, back to the start
Back to the place, back to the art
Back to the panthers and livin' in peace
And to community and kids playin' safe in the street
Take us back to black businesses with black business
Black wealth and black people doing for self
Take us back to days so we moving in step
Till we raise up understand it's freedom or death, and tell 'em
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
Straight hard truth soldier

[?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
Yep yep yep, [?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
And they know they can't catch me now

Yep yep yep yep, [?]
[?], [?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
And they know they can't catch me--

The return of real hip hop
Where my hard truth soldiers at?
Where my hard truth soldiers at?
Say yeah... (yeah!)
Say yeah... (yeah!)
Say hell yeah... (hell yeah!)
Say hell yeah... (hell yeah!)

› Hold the Line

See, the way you talk
Is frightening quite a lot of people
And I want to know
Are you going to minimize your way of approach?
Because not everybody's a revolutionary
And the fear is keeping people away
From coming together as we should
Now, what can you do about that?

There's nothing I can do about that
Because it's my firm belief that somebody has to be there
Everybody can't be mealy-mouthed
Everybody can't tiptoe through the tulips
Everybody can't play politics
Everybody can't compromise
Somebody has to be strong
I wouldn't have to be as strong as I am
If I saw some others being strong like that
I could tone down
But I'm feeling such desperation
To get the message out
To try to plant the seed in those who are strong enough
That the walls of their mind
Can hold that revolutionary light
It closes doors in my face
It cuts back on money [?]
It drives some women away from me
But I keep on pushin'
And somebody has to hold the line
I'm gonna hold the line

› Call Signs

Tell them young boys they ain't messin' with me

Justice

N***as on TV, they hella fake

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do

It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth

Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth

We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear

It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?

True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere

When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 1: XienHow]

They didn't think that I was ready for all that

But I a**ure 'em and then they just fall back

They ain't ready for the level I've gone bad

There's lions, and tigers, and then there are small cats

I'm headhuntin' for the head of the horsemen

Can't nobody say that I did not warn them

'Cause I'm not in it for the money and fortune

I'm only after who ain't paid for their portion

[Verse 2: Paris]

Now I blast and catch actors fast, I smash b*st*rd's backs

And snatch masks, the fake, they fall back

Who could see me when I rough 'em up

Stick 'em, I stuck 'em, snuff 'em

Corrupting the quo status, tellin' 'em who the baddest

True J-u st-ice, mack major

Play the mix, faders flick, we raid, blitzin'

Cold, but you ain't never seen it colder than, bolder than

Put my mack down, soldierin', n***a, snap a photo then

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do

It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth

Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth

We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 3: XienHow]

Now who could say that I do not handle business?
When everything that I have started I finish?
And I will do it just to say that I did this
The government wants me quiet and timid
They want me working that 9 to 5
So I ain't never gotta use my mind
And they don't want me telling you what I find
They wouldn't mind having me doing some time

[Verse 4: Paris]

Uh-oh, now there they go, we move in slow
Blast fast, and mash, mathematics'll smash past
The av-er-age plans of these off brand emperor
No-clothes havin' a** hip-hop simpletons
You in the presence of the general, ask 'em
Who the coldest motherf**ka on the microphone rappin'?
P-dog in this b*t*h, never slippin' or switched
Never missin', a prime hitter, get 'em, I get witcha

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do
It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth
Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth
We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 5: XienHow]

In the fight for the battle for truth, we face all kinds
There are warriors ready to answer Call Signs
Now that they got us online
They are saying my future's no longer all mine
I don't think inside a small mind
I envision a future that is beyond time

I will hit all the hard lines
I'ma take it straight to 'em to get 'em all eyes
[Verse 6: Paris]
I'm rough on 'em, like that, I cuss on 'em, like that
I bust on them cats that make the rap that make us like that
I fight back and write tracks that captivate with tight raps
With kick drums that smack, complement the clap and high hats
And ask 'em, stop and take a look at our condition
Take time to listen, cause sedition is the mission
Wishin' death upon my enemies, defendin' the line
It's a sin to me we finna be completely resigned, open up ya eyes

[Verse 7: ?]
What ya doin,' don't try to hold me back
Tired holdin' back, I'm about to get my Glock
And attack you, don't get in my way
'Cause it's a new millennium, it's a brand new day
Got my n***as, fake a** n***as
Here, we're done you all n***as
How many times I pull to gun dem out?
Why, why why why why why why?

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do
It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth
Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth
We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

Why write it if you ain't f**kin' livin'

Justice

Yo, we are now
Stepping into
Revolution
XienHow
Paris
Evolution

Of the mind

› Brown Eyes

[Verse 1: Paris]

Under seventeen was when her body started impressin'
Been under scrutiny from dudes since early adolescence
Understood the game, understood just how to play it
She understood underprivileged was overrated
Always under pressure, 'cause her face was unforgiving
Underage, but her body done seen hella living
With attention undivided, she had understanding
That underneath it all the money was what really mattered
And her mentality was, "F**k it man, I gotta have it"
Had seen her mother struggle underwater with finances
With no father, unsupervised, she learned to manage
Undeterred, she would serve 'em till it hurt from damage
Under-educated, but she knew enough to know
The golden rule is that you rule if you control the gold
And her cat was golden, so she understood her role
Kept the money foldin', on the under, never told

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh
Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes
Girl you know we need you, that's no lie
Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

[Verse 2: Paris]

By her early twenties she was under the illusion
Men would always spend whenever sex was introduced
Used to playin' games under covers, under wraps
Under the misconception sex would always bring the snaps
Unpredictable, her lifestyle was hella shady
Tryin' to trap a baller, get him whupped and have his baby
Under the influence, underweight and hella skinny
Loud-talking out in public like that sh*t was pretty
Under-educated, never knew what she was missin'
Didn't understand the fact she didn't have to pimp the kitten
'Til a real pimp came along and got her twisted
And put the hanger on that a**, cold and unforgiving
"B*t*h, stay down, lay down and get my bread"
'Fore he put the smack down that was all he said
All she wanted was to be like Kim Kardashian

Funny how that works, on the mattress, back again

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

You see, uh

Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes

Girl you know we need you, that's no lie

Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

Free, free, free, free, free

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off-

Free, free, free

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh

Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes

Girl you know we need you, that's no lie

Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

[Verse 3: Paris]

Under the circ*stances, twenty-eight seemed like a blessing

Tried to undergo a transformation to escape

Went underground for awhile, stayed undetected

But it was understaffed at the shelter and she left it

Took her chances though they all told her to be cautious

She was unconcerned, their alarm was met with nonchalance

Called the undertaker, cause they found her unresponsive

In her underwear underneath a parking structure

It was too late to understand what could've saved her

Underestimate these streets and end up under daisies

So much untapped potential underneath the surface

In the end, gotta ask, "Was it really worth it?"

So sad, she was caught up in the undertow

Never really knowing, never had a chance to really grow

All alone, just a full grown little girl

In the underbelly of the hellish underworld

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh

Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes

Girl you know we need you, that's no lie

Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: T-K.A.S.H.]

Grew up in the ghetto
Rocks stars, heavy metal, fellows peddlin' pebbles
Cop cars full of devils, hit the set in severals
Try they best to set us up and get us up in the federals
Emerson, Carter, Oakland Tech
Went to Mac summer school, ask Bean from the West
Sixteen with a vest, big dreams of a Tec
Forty-five and a chop, tryin' to lock up the block
Peasant as an adolescent but I grew to be king
Jedi Prince, Bombthreatt dropped and I ain't looked back since
But for a minute, I just took that glimpse
Thank God, I did not decide to cook that brick
UnderMobb, Stolen Legacy, I shook that sh*t
Most of 'em wasn't Guerrillas, they just look that sh*t
Half of us still speak, through it all still weak
But it all back together, come with some real heat

[Verse 2: CMG]

It's the caramel light chocolate catastrophic
Lyrical mosh pit, huh, the floss chick
Invincible to weak MC'ss that never seen me
Comin' at a hundred degrees, I'm like fleas
That make ya itch, the wicked witch of the West
Savage mic flower, unseen too fresh
Creepin' out the dark with them blows to the guts
'Cause you never see me comin' from up out the cut, what?
We Raid, raid on, raid on

[Verse 3: Special One]

See us skee skirt, we work, ready to ride
I'm in my t-shirt, we serve, ready to fight
The street sweeper, bleed ya, freedom or die
Now who could see her, we the, dirtiest kind
Never beat, GOP's with these golden gloves
We'd rather see 'em in the streets with these golden slugs
It's K1, N***a show me love
We never beat, never weak, TCD, we thug, we mobbin'

[Verse 4: Paris]

We take the ride on, shine on, light that touch
Keep the fight on, ride on lies that cut
We collide on, rhyme on rise and bust
On they crime on - life to divide us up
Keep it basic, n***as want improvements now
N***a face it, they wanna keep the movement down
F**k what they said, we comin' with the proven sound
It's that bay sh*t, guaranteed to move the crowd, we sayin'

We Raid, raid on, raid on

[Verse 5: CMG]

I got that sin juice flowin', thick in the veins
And I'm finna set it off without no restraints
Lookin' strange, before I blow out gauge
On the front page news see me center stage
CMG the squaw with the native tongue
Never bitin' on a rhyme and still keepin' 'em sprung
West coast gangsta, savage beastie
Feastin' on wack mcs discreetly

[Verse 6: Special One]

I'm mad at you hoes cause y'all don't feel it
We holdin' up a mirror to the streets, now who the realest
For real it, B*t*h, the ballot or the bullet?
My finger's on the trigger for my freedom I'ma pull it (I'ma pull it)
Now check it cause you might get hurt
See we clappin' off the straps if the rap don't work
(Sh*t, don't make us have to do that dirt
I got this freedom in my drawz, conscious daughters for the cause

[Verse 7: Paris]

Identify genocide, ride or die, we wreck
Guerrilla Funk, hard truth, we devise respect
Break through to the youth, keepin lies in check
For my troops and the fruit - NOI connect
Have pride, you could rise and confide in us
Keep it live and advise you we size em up
Understandin' the plan they devised for us
Never ran, keep it mannish we rise us up, we sayin

We Raid, raid on, raid on
(Raid on soldier, raid on)
All day, everyday we raid, believe, (Yeah)
All day, everyday, we break, [?]

We Raid, raid on, raid on
(Hell yeah)
[Verse 8: T-K.A.S.H.]
Real players, real hustlers
Busters still hate us
Can't touch us
Gangsters still stay up
Double up the paper
We prayin'
Bubble up the police
Don't show me
No love, cause I don't tell on homies
Show love for the young cats who know me
OGs that lace me while growin'
This one's for the hometown of Oakland
East side, west bound and north [?]
South Sac, south Stockton, Portland
Back down to the state that's all golden
[?]

We Raid, raid on, raid on

› Turning Point

I am tired!
I am tired of people beating down my people!
I am tired of people beating down our man!
I am tired of people beating down the mentality and [?] of our children
As African people, we must [?] to the level where we stop letting people use [?] to do us
It is most important that we understand even in the recesses of our mind
That we are in a state of emergence
It's become absolutely essential that we cut out all of the foolishness
All of the foolishness
We cannot make any more excuses
That [?]
Leave nothing without substance
Nothing without substance
Where do you stand on the community?
The fingers have got to turn

› Give the Summer Drums

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro: Paris]

89.5 KPOO in the city by the bay, hard truth soldier radio
Black owned and still strong, still got it goin' on
San Francisco California, bringin' it back with old school slaps, still puttin' in on ya
Representin' Freedom Justice and Equality, believe

[Verse 1: Paris]

Guerrilla Funk in the buildin', no straps on us
We hit the function and chill, a pro-Black moment
We tryin' to bubble for real, a mo' scratch moment
The opposite of killa with backbone it's on
Sunshine, Northern California summer time
Grillin' somethin' other than swine, bustin' rhymes
I didn't see one crime so wasn't no one time
It's fun time, old school vets lacin' young minds
I ain't talkin bout no murderin' blacks
I'm talking learning and encouraging blacks
Man we bringin' that encouragement back
Still respectin' the new school dudes and they YouTube views
I'm pushin' the 6-9, they pushin' the scraper
We at park and its crackin', my potnas doin' it major
Cold weather in the fall, but for now we loungin'
Summertime in the Bay and when it's good is astoundin'
Give the summer drums

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Gangstas, hustlas, none of that is among us
Just real life vets and youngsta's
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
In the sunshine, nothin' up in the gun line
Give the summer drums

[Verse 2: Paris & T-K.A.S.H.]

Laid back, way back
Marvin Gaye track on a 8 track, day to relax
That's how we do it on this West Coast
Barbecue and Domino's, homie let's go
Unity and togetherness, let the rest go
We on that elevate, come on brother, let's toast

Kick that black on black violence out and shut the door behind it
Rewind it back to good times from the Bay to LA, back to Sac
Neighborhood superstar, block hero
Neighborhood animosity, I got zero
It's like that when you really reppin' for the people
P-Dog, Tomie Kash, "Better Days" sequel
Shot to 43rd Street, but it ain't lethal
Respected in Oakland for change and remaining peaceful
Yappin', no blappin' in my rappin'
A smile on my mask when I'm askin' "What's happenin'?"

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Gangstas, hustlas, none of that is among us (Hey)
Just real life vets and youngsta's (That's right)
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
In the sunshine, nothin' up in the gun line (Yo)
Give the summer drums

[Verse 3: T-K.A.S.H.]

Brains all over the streets, brains I'm hopin' to reach
Hangin' all over the streets, bangin', I hope it'll cease
Change and grow into peace, rainin' with dough in the streets
Sprinkle the dough with the yeast, then we get bread, that's how we eat
Tomie Kash keep it lit, but without the heat
Pull up with them pounds, but I'm only talkin' 'bout the beat
Bust it in the air, just a friendly game of three-on-three
Ain't nobody dead 'cause it really ain't no reason to be
You ridin' with black men that's tapped in
To the black men from back then, that's past tense
And the straps and the reaction that traps black men
Back in the pen, it's back to relaxin' again
Did away with the thug livin', strictly gettin' high
Realizin' I love livin', tryin' to get it right
Unity, job opportunity
Community that's through with movin' in these streets foolishly

[Outro: T-K.A.S.H.]

Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
Livin', livin', livin', livin'
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
Give the summer drums, son

› Change We Can Believe In

You know, and we learn not to question our government and um, to be grateful for everything we got, but we didn't know that it was at the expense of many other people, in our own country, and all over the world

[Intro: Sandy Griffith]

Listen, baby

Let's talk about this life and what it means to me

Baby, listen

This how it's got to be

We only thought that you would come and turn these wrongs to right

But we see it's really all the same

Who knew that you'd disgrace us

White power in blackface us

Our eyes were closed

But now we all could see

[Verse 1: Paris]

Lookin' at the parties like, damn, what's the parties like

Just seems all the parties' right

Now I'm lookin' round wonderin'

What the hell has happened to us, it's on again

Just misery, so many promises

So many of us tried to make him what he really wasn't

Still suffering' so many unemployed

Still watchin, NSA's got me paranoid

Make me wanna holler, throw my hands up

Got us thinking' that we wrong if we demand stuff

So we propped the man up, but what'd it get us?

More useless excuses and more fed up

Sounds so sweet when he makin' speeches

Always preachin' hope and change like he really means it

Manchurian Candidate

Ladies love to hear him talkin' cause he's so slick

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no

We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no

We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it

So believe in me, believe in, believe in

[Verse 2: Paris]

Dear Mr. President, wartime president
Slicker than his predecessor, but it's still the same sh*t
Lost jobs, lost benefits
Lost public option, lost souls follow quick
Lost all respect for that sh*t he selling
Same conflicts, but his reason ain't compelling
Same cause, same manufactured boogeymen
Same bombs drop when his poll numbers dip
Same profiteering - War's good for business
Same Israel nut-jockin' - sh*t is endless
Same wall street bailouts, early christmas
For the same motherf**kas that should be in prison
Same racism, nothing changed bro
Wingnuts wanna point and say "I told you so"
We both hate his sh*t, but for different reasons though
They hate cause he black, we hate cause he wrong

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no
We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no
We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it
So believe in me, believe in, believe in

[Verse 3: Paris]

Shiiiiit, so I'll say it all again man
Same sh*t, different day, all the same man
Same news cycle, same yapping' magpies
Same gats clapping' overseas taking lives
Now they say I'm hatin' cause I pulled his skirt
Same people that done lost they house and outta work
Got the nerve to think that I'm speaking' outta line
Can't criticize cause he 'posed to be my kind
But scared negroes won't rock the boat
Same Bush-era tax cuts, same drones
Same folks on lock, Guantanamo
Same campaign stops, same sh*tty jokes
Cracked while the world gets choked on
And most black folk broke but still hold on
To the illusion of choice
Both parties, both sides of the same bullsh*t coin

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no

We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no
We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it
So believe in me, believe in, believe in

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

Another casket they done asked me to carry
Another homeboy blasted they done asked me bury
I'm still exhausted from the last one, the setting was very
Hard to swallow but typical when the hood hit the cemetery
My heart is heavy for the families
Trapped in this tragedy of madness and insanity
Blapped in the street behind some bullsh*t he never seen
Got me thinking back upon the way we used to scrap we when was young and beefin'
When we would beat 'em, or might get did
But we let it go and lived, forgiven
N***as knuckled up, buckled up, wasn't no whip it out and blast
Just because somebody muggin' when we pa**ed
When is thuggin' gone pa**, and this manhood thing come back around
Cause unity is cool by me
But until we get the message 'bout this death I say the rest is a wash
Too many livin' we lost, damn

[Hook: Paris]

Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Got me puttin' on my murder suit
In my best black too many times from all the shootin'
Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Now I'm puttin' on my murder suit
Got my best black one mo' time from all the shootin's

[Verse 2: Paris]

At the church again, sh*t is startin' to hurt again
Lookin' at another brotha layin' in a hearse again
Hear the Bible verse and then is off to the grave yard
A consequence of n***as thinkin' they hard
Put my arm around his mama but it ain't same thing as her child
She raised him up to never try to gangbang or be wild
A damn shame that he left to be a memory now
Plus he black and from the hood so ain't no empathy, wow
And I wore my "Rest In Peace" shirt to the viewin'
And they still ain't found the shooter

It's too bad now, it seems like it's gettin' normal to hear
About some murder in the neighborhood but nobody cares
It's all about this chrome fo'-fo'
Cause ain't nobody tryin' to box no mo'
I'm representin' for the homies throwin' things in the street
Realizin' at the same time, that's just me, god damn

[Hook: Paris]

Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Got me puttin' on my murder suit
In my best black too many times from all the shootin'
Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Now I'm puttin' on my murder suit
Got my best black one mo' time from all the shootin's

[Verse 3: Paris]

Never give up on my people, never leave 'em behind
Instead of teach 'em how to dougie, I'ma teach 'em to rise
I see these youngsta's tryin' to mug me but I see in they eyes
An intelligent, soldier who can see though the lies
It's really all what you believe in your mind, I believe you gone shine
But in these streets you gon' die if ain't no peace with yo kind
I ain't talkin' bout no gang affiliation
I'm talking doin' what it takes to change the situation
In this nation, you can be a brother with chips
Or be another statistic on a government list
Or do it like the brothers with the black gloves and a fist up
For revolution, even if you get ya wrist cuffed
You can be a great scholar or an African king
Instead of blappin' for bling, or somewhere trapped in the bend
You much better than a "rest in peace" legacy destiny
It's all about upliftment and lettin' the rest be

[Outro]

What are we looking at?
Two gunshot wounds to the upper-left chest cavity
At least three bullet holes in his left abdomen
I'm gonna need access. Here, I'm gonna start a subclavian line
Blood's filling his chest cavity. He'll need bilateral tubes
Betadine
Then take him up right now and start an ex-lap

We're gonna cut into your chest to place a tube that will help you breathe
It's gonna hurt like hell, but it's the only way

[Verse 1: Paris]

On the stretcher, under pressure
The sensation of the slugs in my body is still fresh in me
Mama is stressin' me
In the ambulance readin' me Genesis 1 or 7, I only remembered half of that
As I blacked out, pa**ed out
Woke up in general with nurses pullin' my oxygen mask out
I'm ready to smash out, but I can't walk, can't talk
Morphine drip, draining my train of thought, distraught
Weed and Patron to make you get loose
Ran my mouth to the wrong n***as and they let loose
Let they Tec shoot, Smith and Wess' hit the set, hit with death
Hit my chest, clipped my breath, then they jet, damn
And just like menace, my n***as visit, revenge intended
To go to who gave it, and give it
Give 'em the business, wanna see they brains hang
Never thought I meant it, that I'd be going through the same thing

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

All I wanna do is feel better
But the red, white, and blue they got it set up
So the doctors and the nurses ain't there for us
Unless they working with the county welfare for us
Just basketball, alcohol, and jail for us
And a funky a** mr. access healthcare for us
In the hood we don't pay no attention
Cause it's just another way for you to bury us, uh come on

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yeah, it's time to check out, get out, before I leave
Signed paperwork, paying the cash out
Prescribing me painkillers and fluids to clean my flesh out
They told me copay with my provider is the best route
What the f**k is "copay with my provider" and sh*t?
F**k you mean if I don't pay, you ain't supplyin' me sh*t?
What the f**k is health coverage? I don't go to work
"B*t*h, I'm in these streets" I'm yellin' up at the clerk, it's nothin'
Six G's I pulled outta my pocket
And from a ten-grand hospital bill, they docked it
No diploma, no employment, no insurance, no benefits
No medicine, no better than when they let me in

I turn to mama, but mama ain't got a job
She's smokin' her damn self, that's why I'm up in the mob
My n***as be stackin' money, but n***as be actin' funny
When I call to see what's up on the hundred for my recovery

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

All I wanna do is feel better
But the red, white, and blue they got it set up
So the doctors and the nurses ain't there for us
Unless they working with the county welfare for us
Just basketball, alcohol, and jail for us
And a funky a** mr. access healthcare for us
In the hood we don't pay no attention
Cause it's just another way for you to bury us, uh come on

[Interlude]

(Phone ringing)

(Yeah) Hello?

(Yeah) Yeah, I'm a boss in the game

(Hmm) Tryin' to get my insurance on

(Get your insurance on?) Get my insurance on

(Phone hangs up)

Hello? Man, this motherf**ker hung up the phone

[Verse 3: Paris]

And I ain't feelin' right
No prescription, no medication, so I ain't healin' right
When I walk, I limp and my shoulders is still stiff at night
Tried to get a job, they tellin' me ninety days
I be blazed to evade the pain, mental and physical
Takin' hella aspirin, shakin' hella bad
When I asked the people up in Walmart about it
Made me lift my shirt and show 'em the damage, I can't ignore it
They squirm like mama did, and tell me see a doctor for it
But I can't afford it
It cost money and I got it, but I can't report it
And I got to pay the ambulance, they mailed a notice
Another thug life side effect, I failed to notice
This health insurance is some cold sh*t

› Power

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Two little nerds got angry
And brought entertainment to it's knees
Because they wanted music free
And knew what you don't know
With all that power that you claim
That you these streets and you run the game
Really, it just don't mean a thing
Cause they knew what you don't know
So now you take a look around
And music done turned upside down
And ain't no profit to be found
Cause they knew what you don't know
So all I say is use your mind
And next time don't get left behind
And get what you love taken by
Some dudes who wrote some code
Now that's cold

› Muggin' Ain't Thuggin'

[Verse 1: Tray Deee]

Who you thinkin' you intimidatin', frownin' up?
Mean muggin' ain't thuggin' 'less you down to dump
Down to scrap, ready for whenever it crack
Come time, front line at the head of the pack
Set it off, lettin' off at the pigs and all
Let the AK spray 'til they squeal and crawl
Got wires, now I ride to fulfill the cause
Gotta push black power 'til the system fall
With my fist in the air, a clip and a spare
Educated gangsta equipped and prepared
Finished with the ignorance and killin' my own
Politician with this crippin', brotha gettin' along
Plus we hollerin' at the brown now, keepin' it G
So the government in trouble wants peace in the streets
Yeah the revolution comin' homie, time to murk
But looks don't kill, gotta do that dirt

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

You look that way, but you ain't built that way
You don't really feel that way, it don't matter what your picture say
Maybe you should fix your face, 'fore somebody come and split your face
A political pistol case, get this straight, muggin' ain't thuggin'

[Verse 2: Goldie Loc]

My life been sacrificed
And I don't need a TV show to tell a n***a what's right
And I don't need to reinvent myself
You Hollywood-a** n***as need a lotta help
Look at the way motherf**kas dress
Wait until they run into the devil's reject
Rapin' you suckas that be sellin' your soul
Man I'm tellin' you, they tear 'em a new a**hole
To where they can't even focus right
Aww sh*t, look at how they did Mike
This music makes me meditate
And Satanism is somethin' I can't illustrate
I can feel it in my soul and bones
That if I let go I'ma lose control
They create you, then the break you back down

Too much love for this music so we crackin' right now, yeah

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

You look that way, but you ain't built that way

You don't really feel that way, it don't matter what your picture say

Maybe you should fix your face, 'fore somebody come and split your face

A political pistol case, get this straight, muggin' ain't thuggin'

[Interlude: Paris]

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled

Throw your fist up in the air, and let's get real

That's right y'all

This more than rough, we callin' your bluff

And when it comes to rhymes...

[Verse 3: Paris]

So I bust up out this motherf**ka cold, who the savagest?

Screamin black power, let's see who the mannish-ist

Paris and the Eastsidaz saying it's a wrap

When the gangsters and the revolutionaries start breaking bread

Tell these government pigs we recruitin'

To do it like Huey P Newton because they shootin'

We ride unified ain't no hidin' in fear

Combined to protect lives of black women and kids

I'm a pro-black motherf**kin' mack for mine

Put the slaps with the message in the rap and grind

Old school n***a, hold out, back in ya face

Hard truth, put the black power back into place

Cause lookin ain't crookin', talkin' ain't walkin'

Yappin' ain't blappin', rappin' ain't scrappin'

And scrappin' ain't what's happenin' the bottom line is you ain't active

N***a you just actin'

Muggin' ain't thuggin'

› Martial Law (Redux)

[Intro: Paris]

Attention all citizens! Attention all citizens!

The United States of America is now under martial law

All constitutional rights have been suspended in the name of national security

Absolute compliance is necessary for protection of the fatherland

The New World Order now dictates that the penalty for dissent is death

This is your new reality

Do not attempt to think or depression may occur

War is peace

Consume, conform and obey

Remain calm

[Verse 1: Paris]

P-Dog, Guerrilla Funk, taking sheep from the slaughter

These automatics let 'em have it, f**k a new world order

Sick of tryin', sick of cryin' why we die and in prison?

Ain't no complyin', only violence is what's makin' 'em listen

F**k a politician, all they ever do is ignore

And f**k a closed border right to lifer callin' for war

F**k these close-minded simple evangelical w****s

And they stupid-a** home-schooled illiterate spawn

F**k a Huckabee, we buckin' these, ain't nothin' that's good

F**k a black ops and helicopters all in my hood

F**k a Bilderberger, we gon' serve 'em, people unite

F**k the military using kids to murder and fight

All I'm hearin' is these teary cries supporting the troops

All I'm seein' is these teary eyes whenever we lose

But what the hell they ever do besides pillage and shoot?

At all the colored people in they villages when they loot

It's all known, its evil at Bohemian Grove

I see that sh*t, see the cousins, see the skull and the bones

See it comin' see the dollar fall, never atone

See the martial law, see the Nazi criminal clones

See the police, so we pack, and stay strapped with black gats

For get back, when they clap, we clap back, now take that, and

Up in the mornin', early gunnin' for my opponents I'm knowin'

They ain't prepared as me guerrilla warfare in the streets

What you believin' in? I'm askin' the youth

That's from a triple OG repeatin' freedom and truth

So many stripes and I'm in this motherf**ka, look at the proof

I'm showin' you don't have be complacent, facin' the racist and ruthless
It's for ya mind, for ya body and soul
Now it's a battle for your money and for global control
But will the cattle wake up? Now that's what I wanna know
Shout to power in this motherf**ka, wake 'em and show 'em, I'm sayin'

[Chorus: Paris]

We ride on racists, rights are basic
We advise you, rise and take it
Tell me how many gonna hear the call
And how many of us know it's martial law?
When the police kill and have no regrets
And governments represent the one percent
Please tell me how many gonna hear the call
And how many of us know it's martial law?

[Verse 2: M-1]

This ain't a threat, it's a promise, I put that on my mama
And somebody gonna pay 'cause it's death before dishonor
They will never forgive, they ain't gon' never forget
So we set it off in the East, and we set it off in the West
It's the code to the streets, it's for the black and the poor
I learned that in the visiting room with Doctor Mutulu Shakur
He sacrificed for the fight, and that helped me see the light
'Cause a political education ain't just reading and writing

[Verse 3: stic.man]

I see freedom in Swahili on the wall in graffiti
A spray can became a silent voice for the needy
Ghetto children inherit the slums and tenements
In the projects, livin' off crumbs is bullsh*t
Ninety percent of the world's wealth controlled by ten percent
And America's the richest country in the world, ain't this a b*t*h?
How we livin' in conditions of poverty every day
And our realest leaders in the pen until their hair turns gray

[Verse 4: KAM]

The struggle of the sixties and the seventies is back
But black rappers, athletes and celebrities is wack
Wanna act like they a thug, but they ain't never with the fight plan
Busy in the club, drunk in love with the white man
Just a one night stand, freak for your people
Then it's back to the track where you speakin' no evil
Got the coward disease, so you need to go to church for it

We only lookin' for the Gs - search warrant

[Chorus: Paris]

We ride on racists, rights are basic
We advise you, rise and take it
Tell me how many gonna hear the call
And how many of us know it's martial law?
When the police kill and have no regrets
And governments represent the one percent
Please tell me how many gonna hear the call
And how many of us know it's martial law?

[Post-Chorus: Paris]

Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof
(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)
Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof
(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)
Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof
(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)
Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof
(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)

[Interlude: Paris]

Attention all citizens! Attention all citizens!
All individuals must pa** through security checkpoints for VeriChip compliance
All citizens are required to attend mandatory worship service on Sunday
Trust your government, we will protect you
Consume, conform and obey
Fear minorities and those different from you
War is peace, lies are truth
The number one enemy of progress is questions
We are your God
Remain calm, remain calm, remain calm

[Outro: Scratching]

"Su-su-su-su"

"Su-su-su-su"

"Su-su-su-su"

"Super sperm"

› The Greatest

Let's move onto the next question

Next question... go ahead

Hi- Hi- Hi-

Can you say why America is the greatest country in the world?

Can you say why- Say why- Say why-

America- Greatest country-

Diversity and opportunity

Can you say why- Say why- Say why- Say why-

Uh, freedom and freedom, so let's keep it that way

What makes America the greatest- greatest- greatest-

It's not the greatest country in the world, though. That's where you missin' the point

You're saying-

Yes

Can you say why- Say why- Say why-

Wait a minute, so you're gonna sit here and tell us that America is so cold, that we're the only ones in the world who have freedom?

Canada had freedom. Japan had freedom. The U.K., France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Australia, Belgium had freedom

So there's absolutely no evidence to support the statement that we're the greatest country in the world

We're sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service at this time

We're 7th in literacy, 27th in math, 22nd in science, 49th in life expectancy, 178th in infant mortality, 3rd in median household income, number 4 in labor force and number 4 in exports
We lead the world in only three categories: Number of cats that's locked up, number of grown folks who believe angels are real, and defense spending

So when you ask what makes us the greatest country in the world, I don't know what the f**k you talkin' about

› Search Warrant

Cops be warrin' with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

[Intro]

I know we bold, better ask about us
We won't be sold, speakin' truth the loudest
We go in so, can't nobody doubt us
Cause somebody gotta speak for the people, and uhh
Soldiers control, we can't be divided
For the people, we represent the righteous
We way too cold, don't even think try us
It's hard truth for the win all my kin's invited

[Verse 1: Paris]

P-Dog, still on that organized warfare
If it ain't 'bout a revolution then I don't care
Break jaws 'till the state laws more fair
Escape dogs and batons and my door and stairs
I'm a panther but I'm hog status
Pro black silverback packin automatics
Where a black man's life is cheap
Between police and the cold a** streets, got us seekin' freedom

[Verse 2: WC]

I was raised in a hood of hydraulics, narcotics and pistols
Hood politics and bird whistles
Lames can't survive on the turf, so they join the police
Or either kill innocent lives in the church
So I tuck the snug and move with a ya ya
While other n***as singin' peace and all that kumbaya
In God I trust, bust 'til the clip is empty
I'm underground, like Harriet Tubman in some D**kies

[Hook]

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in

[Verse 3: Tray Deee]

Never gon' compromise, break or apologize
Ride until I see a black face on the dollar sign
Thug with a conscience, f**k all the nonsense
Blackness the movement while justice the topic
And not just marchin', we pickin' off targets
Death to oppressors when pistols is sparkin'
Khaki suit, my uniform, general, my rankin'
Black revolutionary motherf**kin' gangsta

[Verse 4: Goldie Loc]

Always on the front line, dodgin' all the politics
Huey Newton zappin' 'em away with the gold stick
Sendin' robotic dogs to my door it's crackin'
I ain't runnin' like scary Jakari Jackson
I ain't spendin' one night inside ya FEMA camps
I got no love for republican or democrat
Brothers be glued to their phone
Open up ya eyes, black slavery's still goin' on

[Hook]

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in

[Verse 5: KAM]

I see you twist a lotta vicks, so I'm hip to y'all's crime
Pistol Politics on my mind at all times
Everybody know it's racial, but y'all don't wanna say so
So court is now in session, my expression's more than facial
Recognition, no smilin', mission, go wild and
Time to do my own hate crimes and my racial profilin'
I'm dialin' 911, 'cause I'm just gon' rebel
All rydas go to heaven, and cowards go to hell

[Verse 6: E-40]

I'm sick of you people shootin' us unarmed people
The Lord created us equal, but you choose to be evil
A victim of casualty, brutality, do us dirty
The audacity, even though we the ones who pay their salary
I'm smokin' a cigarette drinkin' coffee, back and forth pacin'
Stressed out, heart hella racin'
Trapped in the system, they got me on a leash
Process of elimination, no justice, no peace

[Verse 7: Paris]

It's the killa cali black guerrilla pig chopping organized
Ryders screaming black power, firin' on the other side
Do it for the women, for the babies, for the right to live
Do it for the freedom, f**k the system for the way it is
Raise a fist, it's all about race
And black lives matter so we organize and escalate
Calling all cars for the cause 'cause we tired of waiting
Don't worry what we gon' say, worry what we bringin'

[Verse 8: Sandy Griffith]

See ya groovin'
We soldiers and we done swore
To rep the movement
And always try to reach ya mind
We ain't playin'
But some never seem to notice
What we sayin'
I guess it's all part of the plan
To keep us losin'

[Outro]

I know we bold, better ask about us
We won't be sold, speakin' truth the loudest
We go in so, can't nobody doubt us
Cause somebody gotta speak for the people, and uhh
Soldiers control, we can't be divided
For the people, we represent the righteous
We way too cold, don't even think try us
It's hard truth for the win all my kin's invited

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

Whoop, whoop, that's the sound of the police
So we shoot, shoot, makin' war with the beast
What the f**k you thank? Ain't nobody firing blanks
Hit the precinct, leave 'em all shakin' and stankin'
In the land where we programmed to shuffle and suffer
Where a black life is measured by prison and murder
Where they gunnin' black people down and burning the churches
And where the only sound that's heard is how we probably deserve it
Got us sending this to anyone, thinking of doin'
Like Dylann Roof or anybody thinkin' of shooting
Anybody thinking that had better know that we moving
And that we rubbin' whole families out, as retribution
Consider it a promise, f**k a threat if it's on
It's real deterrent you can bet on, brandishing chrome
Scorched earth if we burst, all is fair in war
If it's an eye for an eye you'll see 'em die on the floor
Let 'em clap, we clappin' we clap back, no rappin'
No yap no jaw jackin', no convo is happenin', no
Unforgivin', ain't nobody givin' a f**k
No understandin', ain't no holdin' ya hand, and no love
No huggin', no rubbin', no talk, no candle burnin'
Ain't no marches, ain't no rallies or meetings, ain't no sermons
Just burnin', desire to fire on the oppressor
Let the messenger connect with his chest plate and register
I'm the real wrong n***a to f**k with
That knows to show, so the proles revolt
So you know, ain't got nothin to lose, nothin' to prove
Be the hardest one to move until the truth gets through
Just the sounds and the smell of the, automatic weaponry
Sizzlin' these piggies and hillbillies we killin'
Fill 'em up if they go bad, and toe tagged out
Send 'em back, bagged, wrapped in a confederate shroud
And tell them kissin' a**, open mouth kissin' a**
Pipeline to prison a** n***as and b*t*hes
With that silly sh*t, silly all talkin' and posin'
Worldstar coonery, house n***as be frozen
Get ya head right, a ryder is readin', the riot act, better heed it
If you breathin' and latino or black
Crack the code 'till it's known, if it's on it's on
Come together, and recognize the movement is growing

Engage

› The War Dance

[Verse 1]

It's a true story 'bout two homies called "them"
Any two'll do, call 'em "him" and "him"
One from the ghetto, the other from the 'burbs
First is a rebel, the other is a nerd
In a two parent household, Moms and Pops
They so well off, sellin' bonds and stocks
But fell off 'cause he don't bond with Pops
And not comfortable with Moms a lot, that's the nerd
Compared to the rebel on the hood plantation
The pimps and the macks and the gang bangers laced him
Moms straight smokin', Pops is MIA
The chance for advancement for him ain't great
Both from two different worlds, but they both the same
Both idolize hip-hop style and slang
Both thinkin' manhood is defined by thangs
Emphasized in the raps we sang, sh*t, but we'll see

[Chorus]

It's the war dance, this the way it usually start
It's the war dance, everybody playin' a part
It's the war dance, maintain, gotta stay hard
It's that bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie
It's the war dance, got 'em all caught in the game
It's the war dance, don't matter what you reppin' or claim
It's the war dance, we all die one and the same
From the bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie

[Verse 2]

Repetitive negativity combined
With music can afflict and affect the mind
Rap lies take lives to the pen with rhymes
Thinkin' prison finna get 'em they stripes, look here
This time, let me tell you just how the crime went
Rebel met nerd on some down to die sh*t
The nerd met rebel, found a cat to ride with
Now they outside the store lookin' in
One come from bad circumstance, never had a family
One did, but felt they didn't understand him
Young kids doin' what society demanded
Companies that owned jails and music planned it

Nerd brandished the gun, seen the money, grabbed it
Rebel waited for him in the car, music blastin'
Cashier shot, then cops, and they captured
Both hit the pen laughin', "This is blackness"

[Chorus]

It's the war dance, this the way it usually start
It's the war dance, everybody playin' a part
It's the war dance, maintain, gotta stay hard
It's that bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie
It's the war dance, got 'em all caught in the game
It's the war dance, don't matter what you reppin' or claim
It's the war dance, we all die one and the same
From the bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie

[Verse 3]

The first night, Big Homie said he want his a** licked
Nerd said "No," so he got his a** kicked
The rebel got his a** kicked and his a** split
It wasn't no more laughin' and sh*t
Two black men, brainwashed from the start
Never knew back then, these corporations play the part
To pursue black men for slave labor on the yard
Rhyme stars lead 'em to a life behind bars, follow
The countries that own companies and trade publicly
Invest in the music companies and praise thuggery
The money from the thuggery, they put it into jails
Just for criminal, young black males
All from the sound, penitentiary bound
While the sheep just follow 'em and swallow it down
Either working for the system, or we dead in the ground
Even with a new n***a in town, it's the

› Keep Pushin'

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

Do the things that keep it movin' every day
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose

[Verse 1: Paris]

Why can't we understand?
Why can't we understand?
Why can't we comprehend?
Recognize the underhanded
Nature of the way they do
Keep us all, under rule
Love to see us always lose
Still the same, nothin new
Tired of the strugglin'
Struggle got us stressin' it's
Harder than it's ever been
To get the family close again
Mama working double shifts
Pops ain't never missed a day
Never missin' hours, never call in sick
And never late
Bills keep piling high - what do we do when
It's hard when you try to do right - we keep it movin'
Same grind, same time, steady punchin' a clock
Same climb, ain't no sunshine, they keep us on lock
And we easy to provoke, broken focus and hope
It's hard to cope with there's no control and never support
Just broken dreams and promises, we live to survive
It's no succeedin' just believin' what we need to get by, but why?

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

Do the things that keep it movin' every day (We keep pushin')
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't (We keep pushin')
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true (And it don't stop, and it don't stop)
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose

[Verse 2: Paris]

So we need to get a little closer now
Just like we supposed to now

Ever seem to notice how
Come up and then they slow you down?
Hate to see us go without
But ain't no hiring if you brown
No hirin' in the town, and these streets
Compete and call us out
Steady tryin to live right
It's harder when you live right
It's harder when you live right, cuz
You just can't live life
So consumed with anger, I'm
Just beneath the danger zone
Just beneath the surface and I'm prone
To put these things up on ya
It's all bullsh*t, these b*t*hes think we stupid with it
They keep us stupid with it, through the music when we listen
Through the television, mission is to keep it twisted
And keep the people broke and fat and working for the system
So many obstacles, it's possible to fold and flounder
So I stay committed, keep my game tight and family grounded
And pound the pavement making statements I'm a hard truth rider
And James Evans n***as, goin' hard with father guidance
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
Do the things that keep it movin' every day (Keep pushin')
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't (Keep pushin')
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true (And it don't stop, and it don't stop)
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose (Yeah)

Do the things that keep it movin' every day
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose